

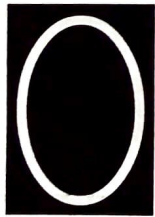
The Omen



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Jordan "Vicky" Strauss.....	Queen of England
Jennifer Howk.....	Lay-out editor
Michelle Beach.....	News editor
Jacob Chabot.....	Art editor
Katie Matlock.....	profreedign editr
Denise Shinnarain.....	Photo editor
Mat Lauritsen.....	Public Relations
Jeff Barnett.....	Disgruntled Forward staffer
Rebecca Mazer.....	Anti-sex editor
Cat Whitehead.....	Sex editor
Bert Cattaveri.....	Secretary of War
Dave Killen.....	Paranoid as all hell
Wade Stuckwisch.....	Lame duck editor
Eric Jenkins.....	With yo mama
Aemily Reshen.....	Music editor
Casey Nordell.....	Linguistics editor
Jon Klein.....	Queenie's bitch and lovin' it

Gina Chirichigno
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Mark Erdmann
The Forward
Phaedra Kolias
Karen Larson
Ben Scott-Hopkins
Sam Shosta
Bren Tamilio
Richard M. Wright



The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. **We won't edit anything you write** (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say**. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 p.m. **Submit to Jennifer Howk (E-211, box 312) or Jordan Strauss (J-309, box 1007).** If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Mat Lauritsen (J-304). **We prefer submissions on disk** — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times.** What better way to be heard?

The Omen is a completely non-partisan forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in the articles are those of the authors alone.

Let me start off by extending a deep and heartfelt apology to Richard Wright. Somehow or another, we severely botched the printing of his article. The article, as it was originally intended to appear, is on page 20.

Also, I'd like to apologize to The Forward. They receive a disproportionate amount of bashing this issue. Being submission-based, there's no way to truly control our content, still though, you have to give respect where respect is due.

On the topic of The Forward, The Omen would like to congratulate Gabe Ruegg and Amy Ennis on a successful year of publication. The Forward is now lan-

guishing in a severe state of disrepair. The cause of this disrepair is none other than the general apathy of the Hampshire student body. The Forward is competent from the top down, with Gillian Andrews coming on as managing editor. But it takes more than one remarkably driven person to make a successful newspaper. I believe, and I could be mistaken, that there are currently three editor positions open. Three. Unbelievable. Think about a campus without a newspaper. Worse, think of a campus with The Omen (and Gus is going to kill me for using this phrase) as the paper of record. Think of students 10 years from now, going through the archives "feminism makes it hard to... what!?" Dear lord. Nay, sweet mother of Mary. The Forward is an excellent—or, at the very least, mediocre—newspaper, and we cannot let it die. I've already contested that a newspaper will

never survive on this campus because no one wants to write about things that they don't care about, have it edited to a ridiculous degree, only to have no one read it. This may or may not be true, but I find it disturbing that not that many students seem to be moved enough by the possible death of a fantastic (save that damn Mumford strip) newspaper. Hampshire students need to wake up; everyone here needs to do our part to enrich the community, otherwise this school will fail. Imagine if Community Council, Judicial Council, ficom (ring any bells?), the National Yiddish Book Center, the Dean of Students office (well... maybe apathy isn't all that bad), etc. all just gave up and let themselves fade away.

This campus has a newspaper turn around rate of roughly once every two years (this is The Omen's sixth, thank you very much). Think about what that says about a campus. I guess that's more an indicator of problems (some would argue that they're benefits) inherent to a system such as Hampshire. Hampshire's divisional system forces students to do independent work. As one advances further and further up the divisional ladder, their work becomes more and more specialized. That's where the importance of community publications comes into play. A school newspaper, and magazines like The Omen, unite otherwise extremely diversified campus. If we let this paper die, we have to reinvent the wheel every year. Let's keep a good thing going for once. If you want to write for The Forward, contact Gillian Andrews or Gabe Ruegg.

Last paragraph. The

Omen has had it's most prosperous year in a long damn time. Almost all of the reason for that falls squarely on the shoulders of unbelievable driven individuals such as Jen Howk, Michelle Beach, and Jacob Chabot. If you see any of these individuals, tell them they're doing a good job. People like that on a campus like this are few and far between.

As a final note, The Forward was slated to have an ad in this issue, but pulled out at the last minute. The very last minute. The very, very last minute. Unfortunately, when this sort of thing happens, drastic measure become necessary (space-fillers). So I'd like this time to apologize to Gillian Andrews, and all other members of The Forward. The space-filler on page 16 is not meant to polarize this campus in any way. Hopefully, by this point you, the reader, have realized that The OMEN bears no ill will against The Forward. All of us want to see them survive. Don't fuck with The OMEN. It's us or your mother. **O**

[illegible]

NEWS

WUXTRY, WUXTRY!

Welcome to the point.

Sexual Assault

On Sunday November 23, at 8:51 p.m., a Hampshire student was sexually assaulted in Greenwich.

The assailant was an

acquaintance of the student, said Derrick Elmes, Director of Public Safety.

"It was an assault not rape," Elmes said. "And disciplinary action is being pursued against the student."

No other information is being released.

Ashes around tree

On Wednesday, November 26 ashes were found spread around

a tree near the Wenczek house. "It was just really weird," said Derrick Elmes, Director of Public Safety. "It doesn't make a lot of sense."

Elmes is unsure what kind of ashes they were but said "it is entirely possible that the ashes were human remains and someone just thought that it was a nice spot."

However, no real answers have been found.

"We can't figure out any motivation," Elmes said. **O**

Hampshire Campus Police Log 11/18 - 12/1

Fire Alarms

- Nov 18, 4:16 p.m.: Merrill, malicious activation of pull station on A1.
- Nov 21, 8:53 p.m.: Greenwich cooking smoke in apartment 13.
- Nov 22, 11:48 p.m.: Greenwich smoke machine in apartment 9.
- Nov 23, 3:45 a.m.: Greenwich, malicious activation of pull station by apartments 20 and 21.
- Nov 24, 8:17 p.m.: Greenwich fire extinguisher set off in donut 3.
- Dec 1, 12:10 a.m.: Prescott, cooking smoke in apartment 82.

Sex Offense

- Nov 23, 8:51 p.m.: Greenwich, student reported being assaulted.

Noise Complaints

- Nov 22, 2:15 a.m.: Merrill re B.

Family

- Nov 18, 9:30 a.m.: Off campus, public safety advised of a domestic situation.

Vandalism

- Nov 18, 1:30 p.m.: Dakin TV cables cut on K1.

- Nov 22, 9:50 p.m.: Library graffiti in elevator.
- Nov 30, 8:00 a.m.: Main Entrance college sign vandalized.
- Nov 30, 1:31 a.m.: Merrill fire extinguisher damaged.

Unauthorized Use

- Nov 20, 8:03 a.m.: Cultural Center, individual spoken to about sleeping in Center.

Disturbance

- Nov 20, 1:20 p.m.: Outside the Library, driver spoken to about excessive use of horn.
- Nov 23, 1:30 a.m.: Tavern, Officer had difficulty with student.

Harassment

- Nov 20, 7:30 p.m.: Greenwich student reported being harassed.
- Nov 20, 6:18 a.m.: Dakin, unwanted phone call reported.
- Nov 21, 6:12 a.m.: Campus wide, several reports of unwanted phone calls.
- Nov 22, 4:07 a.m.: Dakin, unwanted phone call.
- Nov 25, 2:40 p.m.: Merrill, unwanted

- phone call received.
- Nov 26, 12:50 a.m.: Merrill, unwanted phone call received.

Suspicious Person

- Nov 20, 10:29 p.m.: Dakin, suspicious person reported on K1.
- Nov 21, 5:21 p.m.: Greenwich, suspicious person reported in area.

Traffic

- Nov 21, 9:10 a.m.: Motor vehicle accident, Admissions assisted APD and AFD with accident.
- Nov 22, 10:32 a.m.: Motor vehicle tow, Greenwich vehicle towed from fire lane.
- Nov 25, 3:57 p.m.: Minor motor vehicle accident, Prescott lot.

Larceny

- Nov 21, 6:05 p.m.: Dakin bicycle tire reported stolen.
- Nov 24, 1:00 p.m.: Greenwich bicycle reported stolen.

Etc.

- Nov 26, 7:55 a.m.: Wenczek House, ashes spread around a tree. **O**

OMEN FRIENDS & FAMILY New Year's Resolutions

"I resolve to not take as many FUCKING classes ever EVER again." — Michelle Beach, news editor, "The Omen."

"I RESOLVE TO GET A DIVORCE."
— Jennifer Hawk, lay-out editor, "The Omen."

"I resolve to not be such an asshole to Mr. Rogers on the phone." — Mat Lauritsen, PR editor, "The Omen."

"I resolve to slap one of them. I'm just not sure which one." — Nat Irons

"We resolve to treat SAGA with more respect." — The Omen

"We resolve to never trust SAGA again."
— The Sheep

"I resolve to be more manly."
— Jordan "Vicky" Strauss, editor-in-chief, "The Omen," on his reported androgyny.

Ι resolve to take over every Hampshire οργαnιζατιon. — Brian Tambo

I resolve to not let my girlfriend out of her shackles more than once a month. — Jeff Barnett

"The Patriarchy." — Cat Whitehead, sex editor, "The Omen"



by Mat Lauritsen

A Christmas-ish Sermon

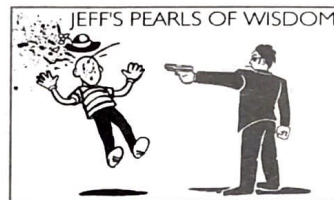
Hark to the Prophet when he says “Ho, Ho, Ho,” because when he bellows like that there are the divine prophecies of men spilling out of his wisdom and into the cacophonous side streets of our daily lives. He with round belly and rotund virtue sounds a gleaming bell that resonates with all the force of the Son himself, a simple message pertaining to the plastics and alloys granted on the Day in December, strangling life out of what dark secrets lie within the hearts of men.

And thou shall in most sincere courtesy and with utmost taste choose your ever-green manteltree of the decadent season, loving that which binds you to the ancient word, and learn the Angel’s reasons for sending the vain meteor showers upon us with the streaking splendor of a thousand tons of rock and ice. For when that dancing crimson-clad saint shivers himself across this pacific planet, and with smiles distributes all the sweets and dreams of our children under the kingdom of our own blue sky heaven, he will see and be delighted by the Grandeur of Nature, within the cozy warm domiciles

of people held in holy stasis, the annual freeze. *No evil shall be present in our nine spheres, the fallen among us held, as are God’s virgins, in perfect rapture of the equality of things.*

And hold to the celebration of no birth other than your own, for faith is only as useful as a fable, and the human condition is such that all among us are kings, all suited to elegant strings of popped corn and cranberries, cakes of fruit and other reserved tributes to Epicurus. And speak not the word Hubris, for it is the curse of men to believe that they are slaves beneath any unproven force of universal pervasion.

This coming Eve, set out your milk and sweetbreads for the fabled Saint of giving, knowing well that your own hand will later partake these offerings and, when enjoying these symbolic oblations, think hard upon the jealousy of fallen angels, for “all is not lost: the unconquerable will ... and courage never to submit or yield ... can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.”



by Jeff Barnett

Iwould like to pose a question to the Hampshire community, a question which could easily drive a wedge between you and your best friend; a question which could tear this happy campus in half, a question whose answer could ultimately result in full-scale nuclear war. This is the question which I seek to investigate: Which paper sucks a fatter cock; The Daily Collegian or The Forward? Let’s examine the evidence:

The Daily Collegian — A fairly professional-looking daily rag that brings the Five Colleges an anal-probably thorough account of news on the UMass front, but not much else.

The Forward — Also fairly professional-looking. Also about as interesting to me as the Daily Collegian.

Truth be known, the Forward is actually less interesting to me than the Collegian, through which I can at least laugh at the madcap hijinx of those crazy UMassholes. Har Har! Geez, it sure would be funny if UMass became a dry campus. Golly, I’ll bet those Betas are thinking twice about making that pledge do keg stands before they threw his drunk ass off the top of the tower. Let us not forget the award-winning photography that grazes the pages of the Collegian; a thoughtful still

life of the library or perhaps some zitty frat guy with double chins pouring water into a beaker.

Sometimes they expand our minds with a provocative shot of say, a manhole cover. The artistic ingenuity of the UMass photography department knoweth no bounds.

One of the neat things about the Collegian is that they have a sports section. Perhaps the Forward might want to consider adding ... oh wait. Hampshire doesn’t have sports.

Whenever I check my mail and find a Forward in my box, I deposit it directly in the junk mail bin. Sometimes I even wait until a Forward staff writer comes into the post office and then make a big show of throwing it away in front of them. I consider

Put the Forward
out of its misery,
already!

the Forward sort of an excessively large junk mail item. It’s irritating, it’s bland, it’s forced upon me without a chance for me to refuse it; it’s junk mail.

A couple weeks ago, I was standing in a line that stretched all the way to Albany, waiting to preregister. Then, suddenly, an angelic form appeared; a cherubic savior, cutting the monotony of preregistration hell by showering us with candies and assorted sweets! What a wonderful gesture, I thought. “Compliments of the Forward!” boasted the kind soul distributing the candy. My expression soured and I flung the miniature Snickers bar to the floor, as though it was burning my hand. My next thought was this: Next year, preregistration; the Omen quenches the thirst of all preregistrees with frosty, cold beers for one and all. How’s that for P.R.?

By the way, “Oh Mumford!” is the lamest piece of shit excuse for a comic that I’ve ever seen. And I’m saying this after critiquing the Collegian’s lineup of artistically challenged and embarrassingly half-witted UMass cartoonists. Memo to B.T. Johnston: for your own dignity, remain anonymous. Ruling: Pull the plug on the Forward’s life-support and put it out of its misery.



FEMINISM 101

by Rebecca Mazer

Rebecca's Holiday Wish list

Well people, I had this article all planned out, but then I realized that being that this is the last issue before Christmas, and that I, being what some people might call a feminist, should bum around with some ideas on what a feminist Christmas just might include. I figured it wouldn't be too hard ...

But before I go on to create my beautiful, (not so very) utopian wish-list, I first wanted to hint at a few problems I have with some common heterosexual and or conservative misconceptions:

• #1: From the song "On the first day of Christmas, my true love gave to me ..."

OK — now, I always thought that the song implied a nonsexual lover of the opposite sex that has lots of money and can give me the diamond ring that I always craved since I was a little girl. Along with the birds in the cage, or the partridge in the pear tree, or whatever else people were thinking about before computers and video games.

I would prefer to change this rather trite tune to something more along the lines of:

"On the first day of Solstice, my partner gave to me..."

I think that this is a much more inclusive way to deal with a holiday that has been forced on the entire country regardless of what religion you are.

• #2: "I'm dreaming of a white Christmas, just like the ones I used to know..."

First of all, being from the northeast, I'm just waiting for one fucking X-mas where everything is just so warm

and blue and green that everyone shows up to the party, where it's fine to get drunk with your family and that women can take off their clothes if they so desire and not being judged by men for what they look like under their clothes. Isn't that what freedom is about, man? Isn't that what we really need in society, not just a feminist society, but a place where you are free, man, woman, whatever, without being endangered for who you are or what you look like?

• #3: Next, to make things even better, a little more equal, and a little more creative, the richest company in the world (Phillip Morris) will start a research team of women scientists who will conduct studies and find out how to make men menstruate. Just for them to see what it's like. Many of them have been jealous over women's reproductive capabilities for a long time now; many men fight brutally to have a piece of reproductive magic. Well, ladies, let's design just a piece of it for them.

• #4: The day after men start menstruating, companies like Rogaine and the Hair Club for Men will be taken off the market, be made inaccessible, and we women will sit back, laugh, and watch them all go bald by the age of seventeen.

• #5: Actually, these gender battles can tire even me out sometimes. If we make most men gay, they might not be able to define their gender, and therefore, we will all be just one happy sexual melting pot. Queer people usually get along so much better together.

• #6: The goddess returns, forever enlightening women that they are goddesses, and therefore, it is detrimental to their sex to have unenlightened sex with underserving men who are not goddesses.

• #7: O.K. I'm betting these wishes out at this point of the night ... The night, yes ma'am, of course, the night. The night will honor feminist graffiti and laugh at

those who don't understand what I mean.

• #8: Newt Gingrich, Saddam Hussein, and thousands of other men who have been thinking with the wrong part of their anatomy for way too long die a slow and excitingly tormentful death inflicted by lesbian avengers and a whole bunch of really drunk, once repressed women.

• #9: I cannot ignore reality when coming up with my feminist wish list, but I want it all. Then I want to make some really cool Hampshire professors President of the U.S. and do away with all of this bullshit third world politics and injustices and all the other shitty things that men did to the world.

• #10: And then lock away the men that did the most damage to the world. And then make them beg to be locked away some more. Anyone else for true equality?

• #11: Conservative is easy, radical is hard. Let the church do the dirty work for a while. I think I'm gonna go get my head shaved again, go buy another pair of steel-toed boots, and take the model for the KKK for all that they are worth. Revenge is the most fun of it all.

• #12: For my final wish before I turn in for the night and dream these pleasant dreams of what will be done to those who I have spent my last year, my last life fighting against, I want to see women everywhere. Women in corporate America, making it their own, women sleeping together and women running around in clean air, never having to worry about a huge looming penis that stands over them in the shape of the Empire State Building or the Eiffel Tower. I want the system and I want a new system, the kind everyone wants but can't be created due to the existing, male-created debt.

I think I've found a way for them to pay off their debt ...

Let's put the 'XXX' back in 'X-Mas'

Twas the night before Christmas, when all through Dakin, the only sounds heard were the hippies, clam-bakin'. The tapesries were hung by the lava lamps with care, in hopes that a cute first year soon would be there.

The denizens of E-3 were passed out in each others' beds while acid-laced trails streaked through their heads. And Fran in her merry widow and Greg in his thong had just fried their brains with hits from the bong.

When out from the Quad there arose such a clatter I stumbled from bed to see what the matter. The swings dangled from the courtyard trees blowing wildly in the December breeze.

The moon on the breast of the women out there Reflected entwined figures with much body hair so, now what did my virgin eyes chance to see but a group of feminists, having an orgy.

With a chick in the center, so nubile and hot I knew in second I wanted a taste of that hot. Quicker than a male virgin, in minutes they came and shouted and hollered, And DiFranco's holy name.

Now, group hugs, now dreadlocks, now vegans and patchouli And Yurts, and SAGA, And Kind Bud', and Div III. Add the cage up on Dakin

FEMINISM makes it hard to get LAID



And the rage of the "Opressed" Do I go to school here — surely, you just.

At first it seemed, everyone one here was bi, instead of straight white kids who give it a try and make screwing the patriarchy a terrible crime though they'll be married with children in 15 years' time.

I suddenly realized I wanted some beer To drown work and sorrow, pretend I'm not here. I found my dad's charge card and a kid with ID and had sex in exchange for a ride to the R&P.

He was dressed all in hemp from his head to his toes He even had dreadlocks growing out of his nose. But his car was a brand new '97 edition So I held my breath and assumed the position. His eyes — how they glared, the car — how it swerved As he smoked pot and wandered through 116's curves I sighed with relief when we finally arrived, Don't bother to wain, babe, — I'll find another ride! The stump of a bowl he held tight in his teeth, and the smoke he encircled his face like a wreath. That was all I could see as he drove out of the store and back to D-2 where he knew he could score.

I looked at the car, then shouldered my load bought all my liquor, then hit the road. So I headed back to the Hampshire home base Merry Christmas to all — May your drugs be unlaced!

By Cat Whitehead — Contributors: Jeff Barnett, Nick Edwards, Rob Edmondson, Erica Kast.



By Gina Chirichigno

The last words I spoke to my class were, "Class of 1997, it is not a question of can, but a question of will." Less than a year after giving that speech (when I was about to set the world on fire), I find myself here. I came to Hampshire thinking things would be different. Thinking that this is the place where people can both keep their shit together AND help other people's shit turn into gold. Yes, I wanted to be an individual among individuals; I never counted on it being like this. The truth is, going too far over to this side of the road is just as harmful as going the other way. I'll tell you why. As much as I hate putting labels on people, I have come to believe that there are two types of people in the world: the mirror-lookers, and the window-lookers. The window-lookers know what's best for me and the rest of the world too, except

they can't run their own lives. ("Oh, did you see that sweater she's wearing??") These people can't run their own because they are too busy telling me what I need to do. That's because it's easier to look out the window than it is to look in the mirror. If they don't have the problem of prying into other people's lives, then they are too busy looking in the mirror to see what is happening outside their own world — the mirror-lookers. This category, my friends, is where most of US belong. Sure, we go to a school the window-lookers find scary, unprofitable, and weird. As students here we try to convince them that we work just as hard as they do, if not harder. No, we don't like the window-lookers ... so we run as fast as we can the other direction. What this means to us is that we barely exchange words to one another on the way to classes. I never thought that try-

ing to find a hair color no one else on campus had would be so important. Let's face it — we took it too far. Why isn't there an in between? Maybe I'm just too goddamn idealistic and I still think I can change the world. Maybe I am young and stupid. But I guess that's why I have both stayed here and stayed silent this long ... because I doubted that I really had something to tell you.

Maybe it was me. **I've realized this is no dream college.**

Maybe everyone does have a reason to think this place could be my downfall. MAYBE NOT. We can still manage to look ourselves in the mirror and peer our heads out into the world once in a while. I think they need us out there just as much as we need them. It's time to kick some ass.

Fuck Tibet: How to be a freak at Hampshire

by Sam Shostak

Hi, my name's Sam and I'm not an alcoholic. I don't smoke pot anymore, nor do I own any hemp clothing. I haven't any piercings or tattoos. I listen to the radio. I have old Madonna albums. I have jeans from the Gap and a brand new pair of Nike Airs. My hair isn't in dreds and I've never worn Birkenstocks. When it's summer, I still wear sneakers and socks because going barefoot hurts like a bitch. If a baseball game is on (and the Red Sox are playing), I'll watch it, and won't complain that organized athletics are killing America and corrupting little children. I've never participated in a drum circle. My hair is not green or pink or blue or purple. None of my jeans (even the Gap pair) are ripped. I wear sweaters from Lands End and L.L. Bean, not your local Salvation Army store. I'm not politically correct and I like to tell offensive jokes. I've never bought furniture from a thrift

shop. I don't listen to Tori Amos or Ani DiFranco. I think that people who don't shower should be forced to, so that the rest of us can breathe again. I eat meat (now that's the kicker). I don't get involved in activism or protests because it's much more fun to sit on the sidelines and laugh at everyone screaming. I still have a minor crush on George Michael (My first love. The second being his doppelganger, "Joey" from "My Two Dads.") and would fully support a Wham! reunion tour. My orientation activities consisted of watching movies and listening to music, not scaling mountains, backpacking, or anything remotely dealing with nature or physical exertion. I'm surprised when I see male students tooling around on Rainbow Brite bikes with banana seats. I was friendly with the jocks and popular kids in high school. I like television. I really don't give a fuck about freeing Tibet. I haven't hung a tapestry on any of the walls

in my room (but if anyone has a George Michael poster they'd be willing to donate, I'd be much obliged.) I don't burn incense. I like money and material things. I have no wildly intense questions about the world that I can formulate into an NS

Div I. **I still can't shake the feeling that I'm going to rot in hell for calling my professors by their first names.**

I flush. I actually try to be considerate of my hallmates — playing music softly and never slamming my door. I am a freak.





COMMENTARY

Hamp firewall means false sense of security

by Jon Klein

Hampshire's recent decision to implement a firewall has caused headaches for students and faculty alike. Hampshire's new network mailing list has received heavy traffic from users on and off campus who now have been experiencing troubles establishing and maintaining connections. The decision was made that these troubles were a small price to pay for a more secure network.

So does this mean that Hampshire's network is more secure? Some would say quite the opposite. **The false sense of security associated with a firewall leads to a more careless attitude towards security in general.** Assuming that a firewall will prevent attacks is unfounded; many attacks originate inside the network, and as long as data of any sort is allowed to flow in and out of the network, holes will exist.

The 'sendmail' program, used to receive mail from other machines on the

internet is an excellent example. Since sendmail must accept connections from all hosts on the internet in order to function correctly, it is unaffected by the presence of Hampshire's firewall. At the same time unfortunately, sendmail is a notoriously insecure program. New security holes are found and published regularly—if the program is not kept up to date, the system running it is inherently insecure. The current sendmail release is 8.8.8; hamp is running 8.7.3. Published exploits (scripts to take advantage of the vulnerabilities) exist for almost every version in between. Refer to <http://www.cert.org> for more information.

Sendmail is just one of dozens of security flaws on hamp and other campus machines which the firewall cannot fix. Scripts are readily available on the internet to exploit the flaws. Any user with an account on hamp can download these scripts and run them with little or no knowledge of how the bug actually works. All the user needs to know is where to look for the scripts.

On the network mailing list it has been noted that the point of the firewall is not to protect hamp, but to protect other administrative machines which hold, amongst other things, confidential student records. Despite the firewall preventing outsiders from reaching administrative

machines from off campus, a network is only as secure as its weakest link which is, in this case, hamp. No matter how efficient the firewall is at preventing people from connecting to administrative machines from off campus, a determined hacker can easily break in to hamp and obtain unrestricted access to the administrative machines from there.

The real solution may be to rethink the structure of the Hampshire network: the administrative machines should be relocated to their own sub-network. Since hamp serves web pages and transfers mail to users all over the internet, it should not be trusted as a secure machine. With the relevant machines isolated from the rest of the Hampshire network, a firewall would be genuinely effective. Since these machines do not require the public access that hamp requires, it will be considerably harder to get 'inside' the firewall. With this configuration, even if hamp is compromised, attacking the other machines will still present a challenge.

Finally, realize that the only secure machines on the planet are those that aren't plugged in. No firewall or policy can insure that a network is immune to attacks. Any security system is vulnerable to unknown exploits or careless users. Until these flaws are completely eliminated, don't leave your house.

"Alien 4" en español

by Ben Scott-Hopkins

Yo vi una película interesante durante mis vacaciones de gracias. La película se llama Los Extrajeros 4: Resurrección con Sigourney Weaver. Es una película de "sci-fi", y me gusto mucho.

Me le gusta, pero hay tres otras películas en la serie, y yo prefiero los otros. Ninguna película tenía un argumento interesante, pero todas estaban amusantes. Mi película favorita en la serie Extrajeros estaba Extrajeros3, porque esta película **tenga** mucho mas sutileza. Los imagenes estaban brillante, y muy poderosos. Puedo ver los imagenes ahora, un mes despues la película. Extrajeros3 estaba muy sombrero y, en la comienzo muy frio. Cuando la

película avanzar, las imágenes se calentan. La última escena es en una tina de plomo fundido: muy caliente! Hay un poco de Cristo y la Madama, tambien.

Todo do ese es Extrajeros3. La película cuarto no estaba tan bueno. La argumento, como otros, estaba simple: los extrajeros matar y comer todas las personas salvo la protagonista, Ripley. En esta película los muertos son muy grafico con mucho de sangre. Yo no le me gusta, prefiero la sutileza de violencia implícito.

Estaba especialmente decepcionado porque la director, Jean-Pierre Jeunet, es un director bueno. Su

películas incluyen Ciudad de Hijos Perdidos y Ultramarinos, dos películas buenas y sutiles. Esta película esta mucho mas comercial y americano.

No estaba un despilfarro de dinero, aunque. Estaba amusoado, y voy a le ver un segundo tiempo. Ellen Ripley, la protagonista, esta increíble! Sigourney Weaver es actor brillante. En esta película Ripley tiene la sangre y la DNA de un extrajero, entonces ella esta un poco loca. Tiene mucho mas fuerza, y menos emociones. Una otra cosa que me gusta: los graficos de ordenadores. **Todos los extrajeros estaba hacer con ordenador!** Creo que Extrajeros 4: Resurrección esta una película buena, pero meno buena que otras.

SHAKEN, not STIRRED

by Dave Killen

Don't remember quite what I was doing there. It was back in 1989 so I was something like 12 and didn't have my license. But I was there, in the Oregon woods. The night was cool and the sky was black velvet, drenching me in the darkness under the ancient trees. After a time I grew hungry and laid out the food from my pack. A cold wind began to blow as I sat down on the forest floor. A faint rustling to my back made me turn just long enough, and in a flutter of feathers and gone in a flash my tuna-on-rye vanished. Spotted owl strikes again. Fucking spotted owl.

Lashing out blindly into the dark foliage, I followed his happy hoots to a patch of old-growth timber. For a moment I thought I had him, but in my haste I had mistaken a Great Horned Owl for the spotted bandit. Embarrassed but undaunted, I continued after the little beast until I clutched him strongly in my hands. They're right; it does beat two in the bush. As I prepared to exert fitting punishment, I was interrupted by a booming voice from the surrounding darkness.

"Hey," said the Great Horned Owl. "That's my lunch."

Not bad for a high school sophomore

I returned to Portland with important news. The first people I told were the environmentalists. "Well, shit," they said. "There goes our plan to use the spotted owl as a pawn to control the forest land and get it legally protected." Relax, I said. Just because it's gonna get eaten anyway doesn't mean you can't trick everyone into protecting it. As they contemplated this I crossed over to the other side. "Actually," said the timber industry, "we're fucked regardless 'cause all the trees will be gone soon anyway." Whoa, I said. That doesn't mean you can't cut down all the owl's forest. After all, it's just gonna get eaten anyway.

Time passed and before I knew it it was 1993 and new president Bill Clinton was in town. He was having this big jam session with all sorts of environmental freaks and tree-killing bastards, and he called me up. **"518-23," he said, affectionately abbreviating my**

social security number, "how the hell are ya? Listen, I gotta tell these losers what's up and I need your help. You interested? There's a free coffee in it for ya ..."

"Sure," I said. So a week later there I was, chillin' with The Man at the Northwest Forest Conference. Not bad for a high school sophomore. Near the end of all the arguing the Pres called me up to the podium. "518," he said (we had grown closer over the last few days), tell them all what's goin' on.

"Well, Bill, it's like that law. You know, 'bigger, better, faster, stronger' of whatever."

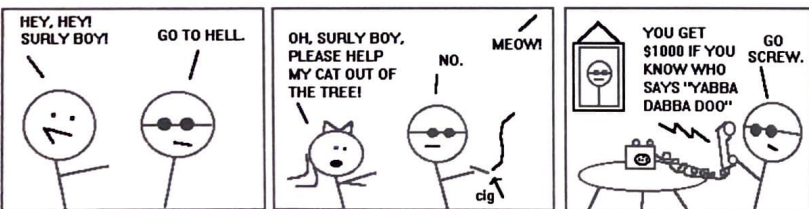
"Survival of the fittest?" ventured Bill.

"Yeah, that's it. Anyway, these spotted owls, they're all just junk food for the big boys. Their days are numbered."

"Ser," said Bill, "you sound like you know a lot about these spotted owls n' shit. You should do a Div I project on them or something."

"Maybe I will, Bill, maybe I will."

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY By Jacob Chabot



The Omen

Now selling t-shirts!



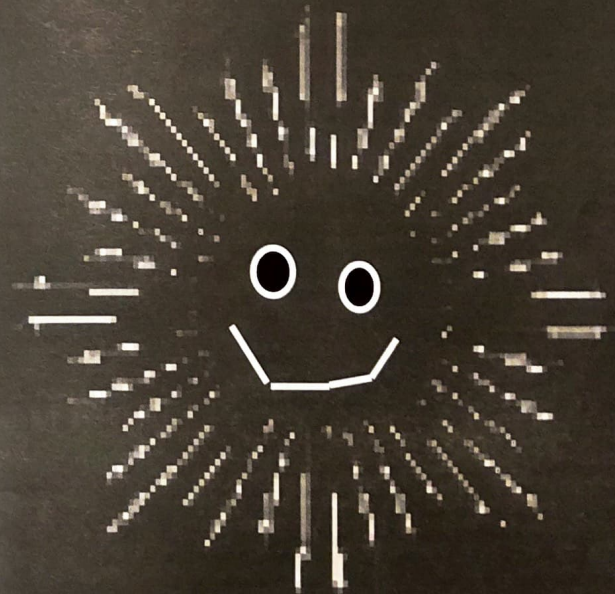
1 2 1 $\frac{2}{2}$ SOLD!!!!

1-800-THE-OMEN

Just 26 easy installments of 50 cents

it's a parody, kids.

WRITE FOR THE FORWARD



***WE'RE
FUCKING
DESPERATE!***

TALES
from the bottom of
THE BOTTLE

by Bert Cattivera

In Rebecca Mazer's typically bizarre response ("Feminism 101") to Cat Whitehead's article, Mazer expresses her fear that victims of rape may be dissuaded from reporting the crime by Whitehead's humor. Mazer writes: "For a woman to go about these steps, which is [sic.] not only costly of emotional strength, but financially [sic.] as well, it [sic.] is most valid to assume that the experience that she is trying to do something about was valid..." **Mazer has proven that, when feminism is combined with poor grammar, the result is unreadable tripe.** Being a feminist does not exempt oneself from the rules of grammar. Moreover, it should not be assumed that any woman who claims she has been raped is telling the truth. Mazer's

notion that the burden of proof should rest upon the defendant is inconsistent with the American concept of rights.

Mazer laments the "many misogynist uneducated people out there." Unfortunately, she has misspelled the word "misogynist," a term she uses frequently. She has, to her credit, managed to correctly spell "uneducated."

Mazer is correct on one point, Whitehead's advice that the woman should "give him a blowjob if he wants more, because that way, everybody's happy." If the woman is reluctant to have sex, giving the man a hummer is hardly a happy compromise. The woman is likely to approach the task in an uninspired manner, leaving neither participant happy. Mutual desire and consent are indispensable.

Despite this point, Mazer's extremism is far more menacing than Whitehead's insidious humor. I recall a class last semester, for which Mazer wrote the revealing statement: "Men are violent by na-

Mazer runs amok

ture." This remark was an egregious violation of community norms. Mazer, who has run amok on hatred of men,¹ now sits on the Judicial Council at Hampshire.²

Why, if we are so attuned to subtle manifestations of misogyny, do we not also express outrage at more blatant forms of sexism, such as Mazer's? Surely feminism cannot afford to have such reactionary figures as its spokespersons.

Bert's New Year's Resolutions:

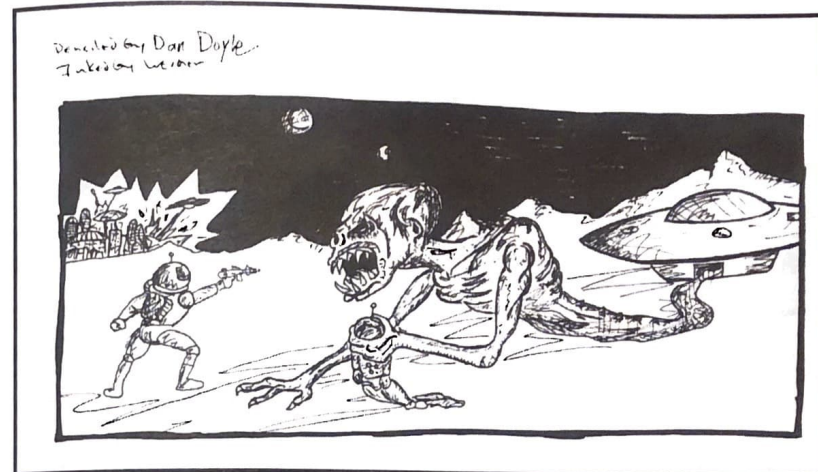
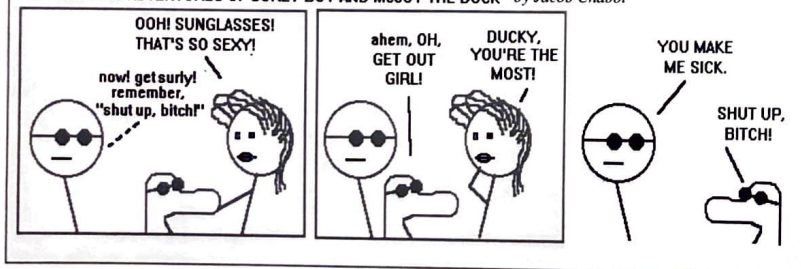
1. To stop getting laid. I will accomplish this by wearing sweatpants and writing offensive articles.
2. To make peace with Hillary Clinton. Perhaps it does take a village to raise a child, provided that the village is in Arkansas, and all the villagers are related.

¹ Hampshire is an institution which permits students to run amok. Take me, for instance. And now Mazer.

² This is like putting me in charge of alcohol policy on campus. Possibly Hampshire should rename itself Irony University.

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THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY AND MCCOY THE DUCK by Jacob Chabot



On reported fluff and other lies: the truth behind Omen News

by Michelle Beach

Many people have been opposed to the idea of printing news in the Omen. They feel the Omen is not the place for serious news, and the news is taking the place of other, more appropriate (in their eyes) submissions. Also, many have been saying that the Omen has gone soft.

This is not true. The Omen's policy is to print all submissions — whatever they may be. If the Omen has gone soft it is not because the news is taking up the place of other submissions. It is because the submissions we are getting are not of the expected hateful quality. There is nothing that can be done about that.

The Omen has to print what is received, and if Upski wants to submit his ten page (boring, serious) manifesto then we have to print it (although I personally think that the Omen should start a very loose maximum length policy so difficulties like that can be avoided in the future).

The quality and hatefulness of the submissions is not something those of us building the Omen can control.

If those complaining want to submit something overly hateful and more in line with what they believe the Omen to be, it will be printed. It has to be printed.

The resurrection of news in the Omen and of the printing of the police log, is not something that has taken the place of other submissions. I feel that it is very important for the Hampshire community to be informed of what is going on around them. And the Omen is one forum in which this can be accomplished.

I fully admit that the Forward covers news far more effectively than the Omen ever will (in the near future). However, the Omen and the Forward have a very diverse group of readers. A large portion of the Omen's readers are not likely to read the Forward. And the same can be said about those who read the Forward.

By printing news, though in

limited amounts, in the Omen, a wider variety of people are able to be informed about what is happening on campus. And most of the readers are intelligent enough to know that if they want to know more about a story one of the first places to look is in the Forward.

Submissions of news to the Omen are just as important as submissions to section hate. Each serve a very specific purpose and one is not going to take the place of the other.

The Omen itself has not gone soft. If anything has gone soft, it is those submitting. So don't complain that the Omen isn't hateful enough unless you have written a hateful article (about something other than how the Omen isn't hateful enough). If everyone would just quit complaining and do something, the Omen would more effectively support the opinions of the community. And it could be as sarcastic and hateful as you want it to be.

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Memoirs of a DISGRUNTLED EX-ASSASSIN

by Richard M. Wright

This will be my second submission to this publication. Personally, I feel it kinda ironic and amusing that I choose this venue to vent, especially after winning the "Why I hate the Omen" contest (thnx for the beer!) But after pondering the possibilities, this seems to be the best mode of expression to rant about how fucking frustrated and ambiguous I feel about the cancellation of that fun for all game, Assassins.

I was assured that I wasn't the *sole* reason the game was canceled, but that my action(s) ranked among the top two incidents that made Chris Land-Kazlauskas decide that he could no longer be responsible for a game that had apparently gotten out of hand. Besides several prank call complaints, and one case where an assassin dropped out of a tree in full combat gear brandishing what someone thought was a real gun, the other star performance was when a woman was chased by her assassin at top speed from the library all the way to her Prescott mod. She did not enjoy that particular jog. Whether she was aware that this was in the context of the game or not, I don't know.

I do know that my victim was very aware that everything I did was only in the context of the game. But ...

Let me tell you what happened.

I am going to refer to her as Muriel.

Muriel was my third assignment. The first two were really fun, because I ended up knowing both of my victims, Glen Hettema and Page. We laughed about it, gave each other

props, and moved on. Page gave me his assignment, Muriel. Not knowing who she was, where she lived, or what she looked like, I looked her up on the Net Frogbook. I still didn't recognize her. I remember feeling a little weird, because this was a very different feeling "mission." Later on that Friday night, I went to her mod. I found all of the window shades pulled down, and the doors locked. This was kinda disheartening. How am I supposed to continue playing, if there was no way to get my victim short of camping outside her mod? Living in mod 88, which has had possession of the 15 year old Hampshire legend, "the Velvis" on 3 occasions, I am used to a certain "code of honor." Namely, you can't lock your doors. I envisioned Muriel anticipated winning the \$50 prize by never leaving her fortress. Not very sportspersonlike. I went home and called her phone number. Her machine picked up. **In my best Freddy Krueger voice, I growled "you can't keep your fucking doors locked forever, bitch! Maybe the fire alarm will go off tonite."**

The use of the word "bitch" has become an issue since ... but is it truly possible to imitate Freddy and not punctuate one's speech with that word?

(At this point I should add

that I myself had received "death threats" from my own assassin on the phone. I was psyched.)

Having no intention to set off any fire alarms, I left Muriel alone all weekend. Sunday evening, I called, and a modmate answered. I asked for her saying that I was her friend "Alex," and was told that she was out of town. Her helpful modmates said that she'd be back around 10:30 or so. Yay. So, around 11:00 p.m., I called the mod phone.

"Hello?"

"Hi is Muriel there?"

"Speaking"

"Hey sweetie, how was your trip?"

"... who is this?"

"Alex."

"...!... what is your problem."

"(Slightly taken aback) I don't have one. What's your problem?"

"I really didn't like your message!"

"That's terrible."

"... yes."

"Oh well. Good night."

click.

I started to wonder of she realized I was her play assassin, not a real stalker. So I called her room back 15 minutes later. A guy answered the phone.

"Muriel's room."

"... um, is Muriel there."

"Who's calling?"

"(realization that she's screening her calls!) 'Mark.'"

"(distant guy voice) it's Mark."

Muriel takes the phone.

"Hello?"

"Is this game too hard for you?"

Noise resembling dropping of the phone, then hasty retrieval.

Guy's voice.

"Who is this?!!!"

"(sinking realization that stuff is out

of hand) 'Mark.'"

"Mark who? !?! (nervous breathing)"

"I'm in a game called Assassins."

"Assassins?"

"Yes."

"What's your name again?"

"Mark Kelley."

"Thank you. Good night!" click.

Now, I'm nauseous. This wasn't fun anymore, much less a game. I took a shower with a troubled conscience. What should I do? I had no desire to even see this woman now, much less squirt her with a water gun. So I stop playing altogether? Should I ask her for her assignment? Maybe we could arrange something with Prescott House. Maybe I could meet her in daylight and routinely squirt her to get her assignment. I felt guilty and angry about the fact that all of a sudden I was transformed into a psychopathic stalker, responsible for some woman not being able to sleep well at night ... **I am not**

a stalker! I decided that I would call her mod phone, and ask to speak to anyone who lives there who was **not** Muriel, and explain that this had obviously been blown out of proportion, and what can we do about it.

I get out of the shower, and on my door, there is a note that says "Call Public Safety." (actually, it said "col public safety," but I got the drift loud and clear.)

Incredulous, yet somewhat relieved that some form of resolution could probably occur, I called them back. I asked the officer if this was about what I thought it was. "The Assassins game?" Yep. I told her about my thoughts in the shower, and she seemed glad to hear that at least I realized that this was no longer a game. I learned that the

whole mod had mobilized around her. I could tell from the "guy's" voice that she had quite clearly infected the whole mod with hysteria. She said she was going to call Muriel and arrange some kind of truce. I hung up and shook my head. What the Fuck. I told some people about my predicament. Everyone was in disbelief. The officer called back, and told me to call Muriel on her mod phone, not her room phone. She added that I should step lightly, as Muriel was still really sensitive. So, I called. I apologized, explaining that this was not my intention, that I too am receiving prank calls (so were other players in my mod, as they excitedly reported) and that there will be no more phone calls. In conclusion, I apologized again, to which she accepted, in a somewhat short, monosyllabic manner, after explaining that she is out of the game. Feeling kinda silly and superficial, I meekly asked for her Assassins assignment. (Yep.) She semi-smiled, and said that I would have to consult the house office for that information. And that was the last time I spoke to Muriel.

The game was canceled the next day.

Since then, people have shared interesting facts about Muriel's mod with me. I find these facts to be quite relevant to my "case," otherwise I wouldn't mention them. Like the fact that they keep their doors locked and blinds drawn all the time, not just when they are playing Assassins, and that they call public safety to be escorted anywhere on campus after dark. Indeed, someone told me "Omigod! Nobody in that mod should be playing Assassins!"

I will be the first to admit that what I did was scary, but the blindingly obvious question springs

to mind: **If you are a paranoid person, living in a paranoid environment, why the flying fuck are you going to sign up for Assassins and invite someone to stalk you?** The rules are succinct. The point is to craftily get to your victim and "kill" them. This is a role playing game, and each person assumes the persona of a cunning predator. And she knew that after all the drama, the very worst that would happen is she'd have a little wet spot on her shirt. She however found it pertinent to involve public safety. Now, people come up to me and tell me that I ruined the game for everyone. Why? Because someone thought it would be cute to sign up for this assassin game she had no intention of playing. This game has been played before, and there were no problems. What happened this time?

The ambiguity of my situation lies in my anger about being construed as a stalker, and as someone who took the game "too far." Excuse me if I failed Stalker Etiquette 101, but ... that's the game! I don't think I took it too far yet. I also feel really bad about inadvertently terrorizing this woman.

In the future (if this game is ever allowed to be played again) I would urge people to think about the ramifications of the game before they join. Don't start walking with mace living in fear of a stranger with a water gun. And if you can't deal, then call the organizers, NOT PUBLIC SAFETY. If the idea of looking over your shoulder and living in a generally adrenaline boosted state of mind doesn't appeal to you, don't sign up. It's more than you having to be a cunning assassin, you also have people after you. And that is the game.

Just a fucking game.

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"I am Ire College"

by Bren Tamilio

The thing is, really, whom ever opted to modify the college's welcome sign at the 116 entrance had ample and appropriate motive. Stark, blatant, yes — a clear message for the NEASC indeed, however, Hampshire College is seething with ire.

What, you say? Where is all this pentad angst hiding? Well, there's the staff union drive, of course; McCarthyism is still alive. Skoller, Abbot and Presser = Dewey, Cheatham and Howe? Something about school restructuring and school "centers." Hmm, well, the college's constitution is still in the process of revision, or rather, conversion to a corporate model. **Hmm, looks like the "Attrition Fairy" is waving her magic wand over campus;** weren't we shoving first years in the lounges earlier this semester? The perennial issue of an apathetic student body still taunts (although vehemently oppose such a no-

tion). Oh, Financial Aid's big stick diplomacy. How many Deans does it take to make a bureaucracy? What Theatre Board? Al Lambert. The Beast of Pre-Registration. EPEC: quite a "radical departure" from Hampshire, eh? Assassins assassinated. CORC + The Women's Center = a good idea? What happened to the Merrill and Dakin DALS? Off-line Mods. "Big Brother is Watching You." SAC: Staff Appealment Committee? **Who's that asshole commie with the Soviet hammer, sickle, and star in his window?**

Could someone please define a "Hampshire fellow"? What Forward next semester? Negative Space: why only Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday? Does the Airport Lounge really qualify as a Student Center? Abrupt phone calls of heavy panting at 4 am. A's Mom? The Tray of Cod, Again? Why is the Yurt still not complete? "What do

you mean I missed the Div II filing deadline?" Dear SUMA: Hampshire College does not have grade point averages. In all verity, do we really need more redundant Deanships? **So, how**

many Deans does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Yes, it seems being a Dean at Hampshire is the new fad these days. In fact, we need another Dean of Students to meet the demand. Why is Dr. Bob the only person on this campus with a doctorate who demands you acknowledge it; 86% of our faculty have doctorates? The Anti-Christ Corporation. Okay, who has the Velvis now? So, what's the difference between staff and administrative staff? The Advocate-Gang Saga. I live in the suburbs, why would I want to bomb them? Why only one change machine on all of campus? What, co-payments for what sort of health service? www.firewall.com. Community Council v. Student Affairs (Get in the ring - who's gonna win?). OPP kills; when do we get our beloved sheep back? Oh, Janterm ... where are you?

The Omen wishes to thank ... and bitch ...

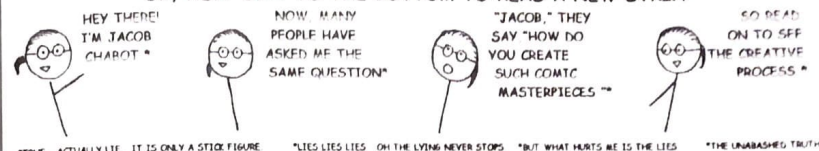
Thanks to everyone who submitted, and Layout Editor Jen Howk, News Editor Michelle Beach, and Art Editor Jacob Chabot. Thanks for countless hours spent, many long nights, and all of those backwards. Cheers and Happy New Year. —Jordan Strauss, Editor in Chief

Dear Greg,

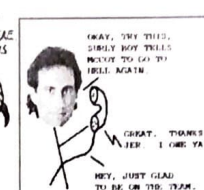
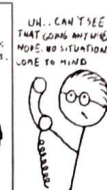
I'm a little upset. After three years of loyalty to Hampshire, including two deferrals and countless obstacles, I finally made it this year. But because financial aid won't acknowledge that my dad's an asshole, I can't afford to stay. Barring immediate divine/material intervention, it's back to work for me until the next harvest. I'm going back to my old job — for the next six months, I'll be in Juneau, AK, doing election year spin, making laws and kissing ass in the state legislature. I'll stay in touch with regular columns, and I'll be back next fall, but I still feel cheated by Hampshire. For a school that purports to represent the individual, you and yours have treated me more like a number in these past few months than I have ever experienced. To resurrect a deserving Omen slogan, one great big all American thluppi. Have a lovely holiday, all. See you after the primaries. *Swadaniva*. —Jennifer Howk, lay-out editor

SURLY BOY: BEHIND THE SCENES

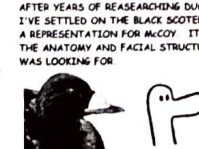
OR, HEY! SKIP TO THE BOTTOM TO READ A NEW STRIP!



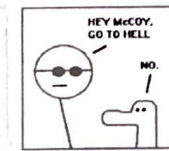
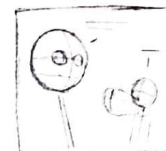
STEP ONE: THE CONCEPT
I CALL UP MY GOOD FRIEND JERRY SEINFELD WHO WRITES ALL OF THE CRAZY JOKES FOR THE STRIP. HE'S A GREAT GUY BUT SOMETIMES HIS IDEAS AREN'T UP TO SNUFF.



STEP TWO: REFERENCE + RESEARCH
I GET MY FRIENDS TO POSE. I TAKE PICTURES AND USE THEM FOR REFERENCE. THIS ALLOWS ME TO GET MORE REALISTIC EFFECTS WITH TEXTURE AND LIGHTING. I AM ALSO ABLE TO EXAMINE THE ANATOMY AND POSTURE.



STEP THREE: DRAWING
I DRAW THE STRIPS IN THREE STEPS. IN THE FIRST STEP I LAYOUT THE PANEL WITH ROUGH, BUBBLE DRAWINGS TO GET THE SHAPE. NEXT, I FLESH OUT THE FORMS AND FILL IN THE SHADING. THE FINAL STEP IS FINISHING IT OFF. EXHAUSTIVELY RENDERING EVERY COMPUTER LIKE PIXEL.



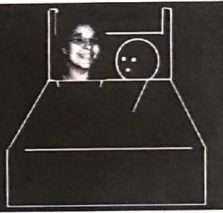
STEP FOUR: FINAL EDITING
IN THIS STEP, THE STRIP GETS TESTED FOR HUMOR AND OFFENSIVENESS. HERE IS THE ORIGINAL, UNTOUCHED VERSION, WHICH WAS DEEMED TOO OFFENSIVE TO BE FUNNY.

SURLY BOY - HEY, FUCKBALL, GO FUCK YOURSELF.
MCCOY - FUCK, NO.
(SOUND EFFECT - BA DUMP FUCK)
SURLY BOY - JUMPING FUCK, WE'RE FUCKING POPULAR.
MCCOY - AH, FUCK, IT'S A ONE FUCKING JOKE FUCKING STRIP.

STEP FIVE: THE FINISHED PROJECT



IN BED
WITH. . .



BARBARA REYES

Student Trustee

Q : How effective do you think you've been serving as student trustee so far?

A: Well, insofar as communication takes place with key community council leaders and senior administrators, visibility of *both* my community commitment and engagement with this significant student role has definitely heightened student trusteeship visibility. Transmitting board information to the Hampshire community is essential; I'd like to continue submitting to both campus papers all relevant information after each board meeting, such as occurred after September's board meeting when I wrote a concise summary of the board's retreat/ meeting (The Forward, 9/97). I will be writing again after this December board meeting.

I think Community Council leaders appreciate the student trustee's presence at their meetings, where I would like to report on a consistent basis relevant board information to Community Council leaders.

Q: How does a student become a student trustee?

A: Every spring the office of the board of trustees publicly announces its annual call for nominations for Student Trustee Alternate. A campus-wide election, proctored by the office of the board, is held to

elect the alternate. A student wishing to run for election, usually approaching his/her second or third year, *must* commit to a two-year engagement: one year as Alternate Trustee, the second as Student Trustee.

An alternate trustee is literally an alternate (with non-voting capacity) that attends board meetings and observes all, particularly to develop a sense of how the student trustee processes and vocalizes issues with voting capacity. A year serving as alternate is a very rich and valuable preparatory experience, because after one year as an alternate, one officially *becomes* the student trustee.

Q: How can a student reach you?

A: There are several ways. *E-mail*, which I opened this semester and hope that future student trustees will continue to use (stdntrst@hamp.), *campus mail* (box 660), and next semester *Community Council office*, where I will hold specific weekly hours.

Q: Can you describe your first semester's trustee experience?

A: The most exciting experience I've had so far has been the recent NEASC reaccreditation visit, which happens once every ten years! Among several interactions I had with the

visiting team, **most impressive for me was the final dinner meeting to discuss Hampshire, which included the visiting team and other trustees in the absence of senior administrators — heh heh.**

Strengthening my voice, increasing vocal participation, and creating a sense of student entity at all board functions lies at the core of my first semester's experience. This is exactly what the founders of our college wanted—it's in the bylaws!

Hampshire's board functions can get a little intimidating at times, so I have to say to myself, "I'm representing my peers' voices and concerns", *everytime* I attend a board function; especially when I literally get nervous about saying things that need to be said in the face of practicalities, economics, and executive hierarchy — vocalizing those things is my consolation that I am fulfilling my role, both for myself and for the student body.

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